

CITY CRIES, c. 1

INSTRUMENTAL and VOCAL:

OR, AN

EXAMINATION

OF CERTAIN

ABUSES, CORRUPTIONS,

AND

ENORMITIES,

IN

London and Dublin.

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CITY OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

JANUARY 1870

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

IN

RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE

AND

PASSED BY THE SENATE

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CITY CRIES:

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EXAMINATION *of certain* *Abuses, Corruptions, &c.*



NOTHING is held more commendable in all great Cities, especially the Metropolis of a Kingdom, than what the *French* call the *Police*; by which Word is meant the Government thereof.

To prevent the many Disorders, occasioned by great Numbers of People and Carriages, especially thro' narrow Streets. In this Government our famous City of *Dublin* is said to be very defective, and universally complained of. Many wholesome Laws have been enacted to correct these Abuses, but are ill executed; and many more are wanting, which I hope the united Wisdom of the Nation (whereof so many good

Effects have already appeared this Session) will soon take into their most profound Consideration.

As I have been always watchful over the Good of mine own Country, and particularly for that of our renowned City, where (*absit Invidia*) I had the Honour to draw my first Breath; I cannot have a Minute's Ease or Patience to forbear enumerating some of the greatest Enormities, Abuses, and Corruptions spread almost through every Part of *Dublin*; and proposing such Remedies as, I hope, the Legislature will approve of.

The narrow Compass to which I have confined myself in this Paper, will allow me only to touch at the most important Defects, and such as I think seem to require the most speedy Redress.

And first, perhaps, there was never known a wiser Institution than that of allowing certain Persons of both Sexes, in large and populous Cities, to cry through the Streets many Necessaries of Life. It would be endless to recount the Conveniencies which our City enjoys by this useful Invention, and particularly Strangers, forced hither by Business, who reside here but a short Time; for these having usually but little Money, and being wholly ignorant of the Town, might at an easy Price purchase a tolerable Dinner, if the

the several Criers would pronounce the Names of the Goods they have to sell, in any tolerable Language. And therefore, 'till our Law-makers shall think it proper to interpose so far as to make these Traders pronounce their Words in such Terms, that a plain Christian Hearer may comprehend what is cryed; I would advise all new Comers to look out at their Garret Windows, and there see whether the Thing that is cried be *Tripes* or *Flummery*, *Buttermilk* or *Cowheels*. For, as things are now managed, how is it possible for an honest Country-man, just arrived, to find out what is meant, for Instance, by the following Words, with which his Ears are constantly stunned twice a Day, *Muggs*, *Juggs* and *Porringers*, *up in the Garret*, and *down in the Cellar*: I say, how is it possible for any Stranger to understand that this Jargon is meant as an Invitation to buy a Farthing's worth of Milk for his Breakfast or Supper, unless his Curiosity draws him to the Window, or 'till his Landlady shall inform him? I produce this only as one Instance, among a Hundred much worse, I mean where the Words make a Sound wholly inarticulate, which give so much Disturbance, and so little Information.

The Affirmation solemnly made in the Cry of *Herrings*, is directly against all Truth and
Pro-

Probability, *Herrings alive, alive here*; the very Proverb will convince us of this; for what is more frequent in ordinary Speech, than to say of some Neighbour for whom the Passing Bell rings, that *he is as dead as an Herring*? And, pray how is it possible, that a Herring, which, as Philosophers observe, cannot live longer than one Minute, three Seconds and a half out of Water, should bear a Voyage in open Boats, from* *Howth* to *Dublin*, be tossed into twenty Hands, and preserve its Life in Sieves for several Hours? Nay, we have Witnesses ready to produce, that many Thousands of these Herrings, so impudently asserted to be alive, have been a Day and a Night upon dry Land. But this is not the worst; what can we think of those impious Wretches, who dare in the Face of the Sun, vouch the very same Affirmative of their *Salmon*, and cry, *Salmon alive, alive*; whereas, if you call the Woman who cries it, she is not ashamed to turn back her Mantle, and shew you this individual Salmon cut into a Dozen Pieces. I have given good Advice to these infamous Disgracers of their Sex and Calling, without the least Appearance of Remorse, and fully against the Con-
viction

* The Sea about eight Miles from *Dublin*, where they fish for Herrings.

viſion of their own Conſciences. I have mentioned this Grievance to ſeveral of our Pariſh Miniſters, but all in vain; ſo that it muſt continue till the Government ſhall think fit to interpoſe.

There is another Cry, which, from the ſtricteſt Obſervations I can make, appears to be very modern, which is that of *Sweet-hearts*, and is plainly intended for a Reflection upon the Female Sex, as if there were at preſent ſo great a Dearth of Lovers, that the Women inſtead of receiving Preſents from Men, were now forced to offer Money, to purchaſe *Sweet-hearts*. Neither am I ſure, that this Cry doth not glance at ſome Diſaffection againſt the Government; inſinuating, that while ſo many of our Troops are engaged in foreign Service, and ſuch a great Number of our gallant Officers conſtantly reſide in *England*, the Ladies are forc'd to take up with Parſons and Attornies: But, this is a moſt unjuſt Reflection, as may ſoon be proved by any Perſon who frequents the Caſtle, our publick Walks, our Balls and Aſſemblies, where the Crowds of *Toupees* were never known to ſwarm as they do at preſent.

There is a Cry, peculiar to this City, which I do not remember to have been uſed in *London*, or at leaſt, not in the ſame Terms that it hath been practiſed by both Parties, during

during each of their Power; but, very unjustly by the *Tories*. While these were at the Helm, they grew daily more and more impatient to put all true *Whigs* and *Hanoverians* out of Employments. To effect which, they hired certain ordinary Fellows, with large Baskets on their Shoulders, to call aloud at every House, *Dirt to carry out*; giving that Denomination to our whole Party, as if they would signify, that the Kingdom could never be *cleansed*, till we were *swept* from the Earth like *Rubbish*. But, since that happy Turn of Times, when we were so *miraculously* preserved by just an *Inch*, from *Popery*, *Slavery*, *Massacre*, and the *Pretender*; I must own it Prudence in us, still to go on with the same Cry, which hath ever since been so effectually observed, that the true *political Dirt* is wholly removed, and thrown on its proper *Dunghills*, there to corrupt, and be no more heard of.

But, to proceed to other Enormities: Every Person who walks the Streets, must needs observe the immense Number of human Excrements at the Doors and Steps of waste Houses, and at the Sides of every dead Wall; for which the disaffected Party have assigned a very false and malicious Cause. They would have it, that these Heaps were laid there privately by *British Fundaments*, to make
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the World believe, that our *Irish* Vulgar do daily eat and drink; and, consequently, that the Clamour of Poverty among us, must be false, proceeding only from *Jacobites* and *Papists*. They would confirm this, by pretending to observe, that a *British* Anus being more narrowly perforated than one of our own Country; and many of these Excrements upon a strict View appearing Cople-crown'd, with a Point like a Cone or Pyramid, are easily distinguish'd from the *Hibernian*, which lie much flatter, and with less Continuity. I communicated this Conjecture to an eminent Physician, who is well versed in such profound Speculations; and at my Request was pleased to make Trial with each of his Fingers, by thrusting them into the Anus of several Persons of both Nations, and professed he could find no such Difference between them as those Ill-disposed People alledge. On the contrary, he assured me, that much the greater Number of narrow Cavities were of *Hibernian* Origin. This I only mention to shew how ready the *Jacobites* are to lay hold of any Handle to express their Malice against the Government. I had almost forgot to add, that my Friend the Physician could, by smelling each Finger, distinguish the *Hibernian* Excrement from the *British*, and was not above twice mistaken

in an Hundred Experiments, upon which he intends very soon to publish a learned Dissertation.

There is a Diverſion in this City, which uſually begins among the Butchers, but is often continued by a Succeſſion of other People, through many Streets. It is called the *Cossing of a Dog*, and I may juſtly number it among our Corruptions. The Ceremony is thus. A ſtrange Dog happens to paſs through a Fleſh-Market. Whereupon an expert Butcher immediately cries in a loud Voice, and the proper Tone, *Cofs, Cofs*, ſeveral Times: The ſame Word is repeated by the People. The Dog, who perfectly underſtands the Term of Art, and conſequently the Danger he is in, immediately flies. The People, and even their own *Brother Animals* purſue; the Purſuit and Cry attend him perhaps half a Mile; he is well worried in his Flight, and ſometimes hardly eſcapes. This, our Ill-wiſhers of the *Jacobite* Kind, are pleaſed to call a *Perſecution*; and affirm, that it always falls upon Dogs of the *Tory* Principle. But we can well defend ourſelves, by juſtly alledging that when they were uppermoſt, they treated our *Dogs* full as inhumanly: As to my own Part, who have in former Times often attended theſe *Proceſſions*, although I can very well diſtinguiſh between a *Whig* and
Tory

Tory Dog ; yet I never carried my Resentments very far upon a *Party Principle*, except it were against certain malicious Dogs, who most discovered their Malice against us in the *worst of Times*. And, I remember too well, that in the wicked Ministry of the Earl of *Oxford*, a large Mastiff of our Party being unmercifully *coffed*, ran, without thinking, between my Legs, as I was coming up *Fishamble-street* ; and, as I am of low Stature, with very short Legs, bore me riding backwards down the Hill, for above two Hundred Yards : And altho' I made use of his Tail for a Bridle, holding it fast with both my Hands, and clung my Legs as close to his Sides as I could, yet we both came down together in the Middle of the Kennel ; where after rowling three or four Times over each other, I got up with much ado, amidst the Shouts and Huzzas of a Thousand malicious *Jacobites* : I cannot, indeed, but gratefully acknowledge, that for this and many other Services and Sufferings, I have been since more than over paid.

This Adventure may, perhaps, have put me out of Love with the Diversion of *Coffing*, which I confess myself an Enemy to, unless we could always be sure of distinguishing *Tory Dogs* ; whereof great Numbers have since been so prudent, as intirely to change

their Principles, and are now justly esteemed the best *Worriers* of their former Friends.

I am assured, and partly know, that all the Chimney-Sweepers Boys, where Members of P——t chiefly lodge, are hired by *our Enemies* to sculk in the Tops of Chimneys, with their Heads no higher than will just permit them to look round; and at the usual Hours when Members are going to the House, if they see a Coach stand near the Lodging of any *loyal* Member, they call *Coach, Coach*, as loud as they can bawl, just at the Instant when the Footman begins to give the same Call. And this is chiefly done on those Days, when any Point of Importance is to be debated. This Practice may be of very dangerous Consequence. For, these Boys are all hired by Enemies to the Government; and thus, by the Absence of a few Members for a few Minutes, a Question may be carried against the *true Interest* of the Kingdom, and very probably, not without an Eye towards the *Pretender*.

I have not observed the Wit and Fancy of this Town, so much employed in any one Article, as that of contriving Variety of Signs to hang over Houses where *Punch* is to be sold. The Bowl is represented full of Punch, the Ladle stands erect in the Middle, supported sometimes by one, and sometime by two
Animals,

Animals, whose Feet rest upon the Edge of the Bowl. These Animals are sometimes one black *Lyon*, and sometimes a Couple; sometimes a single *Eagle*, and sometimes a Spread one, and we often meet a *Crow*, a *Swan*, a *Bear*, or a *Cock*.

Now, I cannot find how any of these Animals, either separate or in Conjunction, are, properly speaking, either fit Emblems or Embellishments, to advance the Sale of Punch. Besides, it is agreed among Naturalists, that no Brute can endure the Taste of strong Liquor, except where he hath been used to it from his Infancy: And, consequently, it is against all the Rules of Hieroglyphics, to assign those Animals as Patrons, or Protectors of Punch. For, in that Case, we ought to suppose, that the Host keeps always ready the real Bird, or Beast, whereof the Picture hangs over his Door, to entertain his Guest; which however, to my Knowledge, is not true in Fact. For not one of those Birds is a proper Companion for a Christian, as to aiding and assisting in making the Liquor. For the Birds, as they are drawn upon the Sign, are much more likely to mute, or shed their Feathers into the Liquor. Then, as to the *Bear*, he is too terrible, awkward, and slovenly a Companion to converse with; neither are any of them all handy enough to fill
Liquor

Liquor to the Company: I do, therefore, vehemently suspect a *Plot* against the present Government, intended by these Devices. For, although the *Spread-Eagle* be the Arms of *Germany*, upon which Account it may possibly be a lawful *Protestant* Sign, yet I, who am very suspicious of fair Out-fides, in a Matter which so nearly concerns our Welfare, cannot but call to Mind, that the *Pretender's* Wife is said to be of *German* Birth: And that many *Popish* Princes, in so vast an Extent of Land, are reported to excel both at making and drinking Punch. Besides, it is plain, that the *Spread-Eagle* exhibits to us the perfect Figure of a *Cross*, which is a Badge of *Popery*. Then, as to the *Cock*, he is well known to represent the *French* Nation, our old and dangerous Enemy. The *Swan*, who must of Necessity cover the entire Bowl with his Wings, can be no other than the *Spaniard*, who endeavours to engross all the Treasures of the *Indies* to himself. The *Lyon* is indeed, the common Emblem of Royal Power, as well as the Arms of *England*; but to paint him black, is perfect *Jacobitism*, and a manifest Type of those who blacken the Actions of the best Princes. It is not easy to distinguish, whether that other Fowl painted over the Punch-Bowl, be a *Crow* or *Raven*: It is true, they have both been held ominous Birds; but

but I rather take it to be the former; because it is the Disposition of a *Crow*, to pick out the Eyes of other Creatures; and often even of *Christians*, after they are dead; and is therefore drawn here, with a Design to put the *Jacobites* in Mind of their old Practice, first to lull us a-sleep, (which is an Emblem of Death) and then to blind our Eyes, that we may not see their dangerous Practices against the State.

To speak my private Opinion, the least offensive Picture in the whole Sett, seems to be the *Bear*; because he represents *Urfa Major*, or the *Great Bear*, who presides over the *North*, where the *Reformation* first began, and which, next to *Britain*, (including *Scotland* and the North of *Ireland*) is the great Protector of the *Protestant* Religion. But, however, in those Signs where I observe the *Bear* to be chained, I can't help surmising a *Jacobite* Contrivance, by which these Traytors hint an earnest Desire of using all *true Whigs*, as their Predecessors did the Primitive Christians; I mean, to represent us as *Bears*, and then hollow their *Tory-Dogs* to bait us to Death.

Thus I have given a fair Account of what I dislike, in all those Signs set over those Houses that invite us to *Punch*: I own it was a Matter that did not need explaining, being
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so very obvious to the most common Understandings. Yet, I know not how it happens, but methinks there seems a fatal Blindness, to overspread our corporeal Eyes, as well as our intellectual; and I heartily wish, I may be found a false Prophet. For, these are not bare Suspicions, but manifest Demonstrations.

Therefore, away with those *Popish*, *Jacobite*, and idolatrous Gew-gaws. And I heartily wish a Law were enacted, under severe Penalties, against drinking any *Punch* at all. For nothing is easier, than to prove it a disaffected Liquor. The chief Ingredients, which are Brandy, Oranges, and Lemons, are all sent us from *Popish* Countries; and nothing remains of *Protestant* Growth but Sugar and Water. For, as to Biscuit, which formerly was held a necessary Ingredient, and is truly *British*, we find it is entirely rejected.

But I will put the Truth of my Assertion, past all Doubt: I mean, that this Liquor is by one important Innovation, grown of ill Example, and dangerous Consequence to the Publick. It is well known, that, by the true original Institution of making *Punch*, left us by Captain *Ratcliff*, the Sharpness is only occasioned by the Juice of Lemons, and so continued till after the happy *Revolution*. Oranges, alas! are a meer Innovation, and in a Manner *but of Yesterday*. It was the Politicks

ticks of *Jacobites* to introduce them gradually: And, to what Intent? The Thing speaks it self. It was cunningly to shew their Virulence against his sacred Majesty King *William*, of ever glorious and immortal Memory. But of late, (to shew how fast Disloyalty increaseth) they came from one to two, and then to three Oranges; nay, at present we often find Punch made all with Oranges, and not one single Lemon. For the *Jacobites*, before the Death of that immortal Prince, had, by a vast Superstition, form'd a private Prayer, that, as they squeez'd the *Orange*, so might that *Protestant* King be squeez'd to Death: According to that known Sorcery described by *Virgil*, *Limus ut hic durescit, & hac ut cera liquefit*, &c. And, thus the *Romans*, when they sacrificed an Ox, used this Kind of Prayer. *As I knock down this Ox, so mayst thou, O Jupiter, knock down our Enemies*. In like Manner, after King *William's* Death, whenever a *Jacobite* squeez'd an *Orange*, he had a mental Curse upon the glorious Memory, and a hearty Wish for Power to squeeze all his Majesty's Friends to Death, as he squeez'd that *Orange*, which bore one of his Titles, as he was Prince of *Orange*. This I do affirm for Truth; many of that Faction having confess'd it to me, under an *Oath of Secrecy*; which, however, I thought it my

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Duty not to keep, when I saw my dear Country in Danger. But, what better can be expected from an *impious* Sett of Men, who never scruple to drink **CONFUSION** to all *true Protestants*, under the Name of *Whigs*; a most unchristian and inhumane Practice, which, to our great Honour and Comfort, was *never* charged upon us, even by our most malicious Detractors.

The Sign of two *Angels*, hovering in the Air, and with their right Hands supporting a *Crown*, is met with in several Parts of this City; and hath often given me great Offence: For, whether by the Unskilfulness, or dangerous Principles of the Painters, (although I have good Reasons to suspect the latter) those *Angels* are usually drawn with such horrid *Countenances*, that they give great Offence to every loyal Eye, and equal Cause of Triumph to the *Jacobites*, being a most infamous Reflection upon our most able and excellent Ministry.

I now return to that great Enormity of *City Cries*; most of which we have borrowed from *London*. I shall consider them only in a *political* View, as they nearly affect the Peace and Safety of both Kingdoms; and having been originally contrived by wicked *Machiavels*, to bring in *Popery*, *Slavery*, and *Arbitrary Power*, by defeating the *Protestant Succession*

Succession, and introducing the *Pretender*, ought, in Justice, to be here laid open to the World.

About two or three Months after the happy *Revolution*, all Persons who possess any Employment, or Office, in Church or State, were obliged by an Act of Parliament, to take the Oaths to King *William* and Queen *Mary*: And a great Number of disaffected Persons, refusing to take the said Oaths, from a pretended Scruple of Conscience, but really from a Spirit of *Popery* and Rebellion, they contrived a Plot, to make the swearing to those Princes odious in the Eyes of the People. To this End, they hired certain Women of ill Fame, but loud shrill Voices, under Pretence of selling Fish, to go through the Streets, with Sieves on their Heads, and cry, *Buy my Soul, buy my Soul*, plainly insinuating, that all those who swore to King *William*, were just ready to sell their *Souls* for an Employment. This Cry was revived at the Death of Queen *Anne*, and, I hear, still continues in *London*, with great Offence to all true *Protestants*; but, to our great Happiness, seems to be almost dropt in *Dublin*.

But, because I altogether condemn the Displeasure and Resentment of *High-flyers*, *Tories*, and *Jacobites*, whom I look upon to be worse even than profess *Papists*, I do here de-

clare, that those Evils which I am going to mention, were all brought upon us in the worst of Times, under the late Earl of Oxford's Administration, during the four last Years of Queen Anne's Reign. *That wicked Minister was universally known to be a Papist in his Heart. He was of a most avaritious Nature, and is said to have dyed worth four Millions, Sterling, besides his vast Expences in Building, Statues, Gold Plate, Jewels, and other costly Rarities. He was of a mean obscure Birth, from the very Dregs of the People, and so illiterate, that he could hardly read a Paper at the Council Table. I forbear to touch at his open, prophane, profligate Life; because I desire not to rake into the Ashes of the Dead, and therefore I shall observe this wise Maxim: De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

This flagitious Man, in order to compass his black Designs, employed certain wicked Instruments (which great Statesmen are never without) to adapt several *London Cries*, in such a Manner as would best answer his Ends. And, whereas it was upon Grounds grievously suspected, that all *Places* at Court were sold to the highest Bidder: Certain Women were employed by his Emiffaries, to carry *Fish* in Baskets on their Heads, and bawl thro' the Streets, *Buy my fresh Places*. I must, indeed, own that other Women used the same Cry, who

who were innocent of this wicked Design, and really sold their Fish of that Denomination to get an honest Livelihood; but the rest, who were in the *Secret*, altho' they carried *Fish* in their Sieves or Baskets, to save Appearances; yet they had likewise, a certain Sign, somewhat resembling that of the *Free-Masons*, which the Purchasers of *Places* knew well enough, and were directed by the Women whither they were to resort, and make their Purchase. And, I remember very well, how odly it look'd, when we observed many Gentlemen finely drest, about the Court-End of the Town, and as far as *York-Buildings*, where the Lord Treasurer *Oxford* dwelt, calling the Women who cry'd *Buy my fresh Places*, and talking to them in the Corner of a Street, after they understood each other's Sign; but we never could observe that any Fish was bought.

Some Years before the fine Cries last mentioned, the *Duke of Savoy* was reported to have made certain Overtures to the Court of *England*, for admitting his eldest Son by the Duchess of *Orleance's* Daughter, to succeed to the Crown, as next Heir, upon the *Pretender's* being rejected, and that Son was immediately to turn *Protestant*. It was confidently reported, that great Numbers of People disaffected to the then *Illustrious* but now
Royal

Royal House of Hanover, were in those Measures. Whereupon, another Set of Women were hired by the *Jacobite* Leaders, to cry through the whole Town, *Buy my Savoy's, dainty Savoy's, curious Savoy's*. But, I cannot directly charge the late Earl of *Oxford* with this *Conspiracy*, because he was not then chief Minister. However, the wicked Cry still continues in *London*, and was brought over hither, where it remains to this Day, and in my humble Opinion, a very offensive Sound to every true Protestant, who is old enough to remember those *dangerous* Times.

During the Ministry of that corrupt and *Jacobite* Earl abovementioned, the secret pernicious Design of those in Power, was to sell *Flanders* to *France*; the Consequence of which, must have been the infallible Ruin of the *States-General*, and would have open'd the Way for *France* to obtain that universal Monarchy, after which they have so long aspir'd; to which the *British* Dominions must next, after *Holland*, have been compelled to submit. And that the *Protestant* Religion would be rooted out of the World.

A Design of this vast Importance, after long Consultation among the *Jacobite* Grandees, with the Earl of *Oxford* at their Head, was at last determin'd to be carried on by the same Method with the former; it was therefore

fore again put in Practice; but the Conduct of it was chiefly left to chosen Men, whose Voices were louder and stronger than those of the other Sex. And upon this Occasion, was first instituted in *London*, that famous Cry of FLOUNDERS. But the Cryers were particularly directed to pronounce the Word *Flaunders*, and not *Flounders*. For, the Country which we now by Corruption call *Flanders*, is in it's true Orthography spelt *Flaunders*, as may be obvious to all who read old *English* Books. I say, from hence begun that thundering Cry, which hath ever since stunned the Ears of all *London*, made so many Children fall into Fits, and Women miscarry; *Come buy my fresh Flaunders, curious Flaunders, charming Flaunders, alive, alive, ho*; which last Words can with no Propriety of Speech, be apply'd to Fish manifestly dead, (as I observed before in *Herrings* and *Salmon*) but very justly to ten Provinces, which contain many Millions of living *Christians*. And the Application is still closer, when we consider that all People were to be taken like *Fishes* in a Net; and, by Assistance of the *Pope*, who sets up to be the *universal Fisher of Men*, the whole innocent Nation was, according to our common Expression, to be *laid as flat as a Flounder*.

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I remember, my self, a particular Cryer of *Flounders* in *London*, who arrived at so much Fame for the Loudness of his Voice, that he had the Honour to be mentioned upon that Account, in a Comedy. He hath disturbed me many a Morning, before he came within Fifty Doors of my Lodging. And although I were not in those Days so fully apprized of the Designs, which our common Enemy had then in Agitation, yet, I know not how, by a secret Impulse, young as I was, I could not forbear conceiving a strong Dislike against the Fellow; and often said to my self, This Cry seems to be forged in the Jesuits School: Alas, poor *England*! I am grievously mistaken if there be not some *Popish* Plot at the Bottom. I communicated my Thoughts to an intimate Friend, who reproached me with being too visionary in my Speculations: But, it proved afterwards, that I conjectured right. And I have often since reflected, that if the wicked Faction could have procured only a Thousand Men, of as strong Lungs as the Fellow I mentioned, none can tell how terrible the Consequences might have been, not only to these two Kingdoms, but over all *Europe*, by selling *Flanders* to *France*. And yet these continue unpunished, both in *London* and *Dublin*, although I confess, not with equal Vehemency or Loudness, because
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the Reason for contriving this desperate Plot, is, to our great Felicity, wholly ceased.

It is well known, that the Majority of the *British* House of Commons in the last Years of Queen *Anne's* Reign, were in their Hearts directly opposite to the Earl of *Oxford's* pernicious Measures; which put him under the Necessity of bribing them with Sallaries. Whereupon he had again Recourse to his old Politicks. And accordingly, his Emissaries were very busy in employing certain artful Women of no good Life or Conversation, (as it was fully proved before Justice *P——n*) to cry that Vegetable commonly called *Sollary*, through the Town. These Women differed from the common Cryers of that Herb, by some private Mark which I could never learn; but the Matter was notorious enough, and sufficiently talked of, and about the same Period was the Cry of *Sollary* brought over into this Kingdom. But since there is not at this present, the least Occasion to suspect the Loyalty of our Cryers upon that Article, I am content that it may still be tolerated.

I shall mention but one Cry more, which hath any Reference to Politicks; but is indeed, of all others the most insolent, as well as treasonable, under our present happy Establishment. I mean that of *Turnups*; not of *Turnips*, according to the best Orthography,

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but absolutely *Turnups*. Although this Cry be of an older Date than some of the preceding Enormities ; for it began soon after the Revolution ; yet was it never known to arrive at so great an Height, as during the Earl of *Oxford's* Power. Some People, (whom I take to be private Enemies) are, indeed, as ready as my self to profess their Disapprobation of this Cry, on Pretence that it began by the Contrivance of certain old Procuressees, who kept Houses of ill Fame, where lewd Women met to draw young Men into Vice. And this they pretend to prove by some Words in the Cry ; because, after the Cryer had bawled out *Turnups*, *ho, buy my dainty Turnups*, he would sometimes add the two following Verses.

*Turn up the Mistress, and turn up the Maid,
And turn up the Daughter, and be not afraid.*

This, say some political Sophists, plainly shews that there can be nothing further meant in this infamous Cry, than an Invitation to Lewdness, which indeed ought to be severely punished in all well regulated Governments ; but cannot be fairly interpreted as a Crime of State. But, I hope, we are not so weak and blind to be deluded at this Time of Day, with such poor Evasions. I could, if it were proper,

per, demonstrate the very Time when those two Verses were composed, and name the very Author, who was no other than the famous Mr. *Swan*, so well known for his Talent at Quibbling, and was as virulent a *Jacobite* as any in *England*. Neither could he deny the Fact, when he was taxed for it in my Presence by Sir *Harry Dutton Colt*, and Colonel *Davenport*, at the *Smyrna* Coffee-House, on the 10th of *June*, 1701. Thus it appears to a Demonstration, that those Verses were only a Blind to conceal the most dangerous Designs of that Party, who from the first Years after the happy Revolution, used a Cant Way of talking in their Clubs after this Manner: We hope to see the Cards shuffled once more, and another King (Inuendo the Pretender) TURN UP Trump: And, when shall we meet over a Dish of TURN-UPS? The same Term of Arts was used in their Plots against the Government, and in their treasonable Letters writ in Cyphers, and decyphered by the famous Dr. *Wallis*, as you may read in the Tryals of those Times. This I thought fit to set forth at large, and in so clear a Light, because the *Scotch* and *French* Authors have given a very different Account of the Word TURN-UP, but whether out of Ignorance or Partiality I shall not decree; because I am sure,

the Reader is convinced by my Discovery. It is to be observed, that this Cry was sung in a particular Manner by Fellows in Disguise, to give Notice where those Traytors were to meet, in Order to concert their villainous Designs.

I have no more to add upon this Article, than an humble Proposal, that those who cry this Root at present in our Streets of *Dublin*, may be compelled by the Justices of the Peace, to pronounce *Turnip*, and not *Turnup*; for, I am afraid, we have still too many Snakes in our Bosom, and it would be well if their Cellars were sometimes searched, when the Owners least expect it; for I am not out of Fear that *latet anguis in Herba*.

Thus, we are zealous in Matters of small Moment, while we neglect those of the highest Importance. I have already made it manifest, that all these Cries were contrived in the worst of Times, under the Ministry of that desperate Statesman, *Robert* late Earl of *Oxford*, and for that very Reason ought to be rejected with Horror, as begun in the Reign of *Jacobites*, and may well be numbered among the Rags of Popery and Treason: Or if it be thought proper, that these Cries must continue, surely they ought to be only trusted in the Hands of true Protestants, who have given Security to the Government.

Having

Having already spoken of many Abuses relating to Sign-Posts; I cannot here omit one more, because it plainly relates to Politicks; and is, perhaps, of more dangerous Consequence than any of the City Cries, because it directly tends to destroy the Succession. It is the Sign of his present Majesty King *George* the Second, to be met with in many Streets; and yet, I happen to be not only the first, but the only Discoverer of this audacious Instance of *Jacobitism*. And, I am confident, that if the Justices of the Peace, would please to make a strict Inspection, they might find in all such Houses, before which those Signs are hung up, in the manner I have observed, that the Landlords were malignant Papists, or which is worse, notorious *Jacobites*. Whoever views those Signs, may read over his Majesty's Head the following Letters and Cyphers, *G. R. II.* which plainly signifies *George*, King the Second; and not King *George* the Second, or *George* the Second King; but laying the Point after the Letter *G.* by which the Owner of the House manifestly shews, that he renounces his Allegiance to King *George* the Second; and allows him to be only the second King, In-uendo that the Pretender is the first King; and looking upon King *George* to be only a Kind of second King, or Viceroy, till the Pretender shall

shall come over and seize the Kingdom. I appeal to all Mankind whether this be a strained, or forced Interpretation of the Inscription, as it now stands in almost every Street; whether any Decypherer would make the least Doubt or Hesitation, to explain it as I have done; whether any other Protestant Country would endure so publick an Instance of Treason in the Capital City, from such vulgar Conspirators; and, lastly, whether some *Papists* and *Jacobites* of great Fortunes and Quality, may not probably stand behind the Curtain in this dangerous, open, and avowed Design against the Government. But I have perform'd my Duty, and leave the reforming of these Abuses to the Wisdom, the Vigilance, the Loyalty and Activity of my Superiors.

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